Hor. So will I signiour *Gremio*: but a word I pray: Though the nature of our quarrell yet neuer brook'd Parle, know now vpon aduice, it toucheth vs both: that we may yet againe haue accesse to our faire Mistris, and be happie riuals in *Bianca's* loue, to labour and effect one thing specially.

Gre. What's that I pray?

Hor. Marrie sir to get a husband for her Sister.

Gre. A husband: a diuell.

Hor. I say a husband.

Gre. I say, a diuell: Thinkst thou *Horenso*, though her father be verie rich, any man is so verie a foole to be married to hell?

Hor. Tush *Gremio*: though it passe your patience & mine to endure her lowd alarums, why man there be good fellowes in the world, and a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and mony enough.

Gre. I cannot tell: but I had as lief take her dowrie with this condition, To be whipt at the high crosse euerie morning.

Hor. Faith (as you say) there's small choice in rotten apples: but come, since this bar in law makes vs friends, it shall be so farr forth friendly maintain'd, till by helping *Baptistas* eldest daughter to a husband, we set his yongest free for a husband, and then haue too t' atresh; Sweete *Bianca*, happy man be his dole: he that runnes fastest, gets the Ring: How say you signior *Gremio*?

Grem. I am agreed, and would I had giuen him the best horse in *Padua* to begin his woing that would thoroughly woe her, wed her, and bed her, and ridde the house of her. Come on.

Exeunt ambo. Manet Tranio and Lucentio.

Tra. I pray sir tel me, is it possible
That loue should of a sodaine take such hold.

Luc. Oh *Tranio* till I found it to be true,
I neuer thought it possible or likely.
But see, while idely I stood looking on,
I found the effect of loue in idlenesse,
And now in plainesse do confesse to thee
That art to mee as secret and as deere
As *Anna* to the Queene of Carthage was:
Tranio I burne, I pine, I perish *Tranio*,
If I atchieue not this yong modest gyrle:

Counsaile

Counsail me *Tranio*, for I know thou canst
Assist me *Tranio*, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Master it is no time to chide you no
Affection is not rated from the heart:
If loue haue touch'd you, naught remaines
Redime te captam quam queas minimo.

Luc. Gramercies Lad: Go forward, this
The rest will comfort, for thy counsels soun

Tra. Master, you look'd so longly on th
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of

Luc. Oh yes, I saw sweete beautie in he
Such as the daughter of *Agenor* had,
That made great *Ioue* to humble him to he
When with his knees he kist the Cretan stre

Tra. Saw you no more? mark'd you not
Began to scold, and raise vp such a storme,
That mortal eares might hardly indure the

Luc. Tranio, I saw her corrall lips to mo
And with her breath she did perfume the a
Sacred and sweete was all I saw in her.

Tra. Nay, then 'tis time to stirre him fr
I pray you awake sir: if you loue the Maid
Bend thoughts and wits to atchieue her.
Her elder sister is so curst and shrew'd,
That till the Father rid his hands of her,
Master, your loue must liue a maide at hom
And therefore has he closely meu'd her vp
Because she will not be annoy'd with suite

Luc. Ah *Tranio*, what a cruell Father
But art thou not aduis'd, he tooke some ca
To get her cunning Schoolemasters to instr

Tra. I marrie am I sir, and now 'tis pl

Luc. I haue it *Tranio*.

Tra. Master, for my hand,
Both our inuentions meet and iumpe in o

Luc. Tell me thine first.

Tra. You will be schoole-master,
And vndertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your deuice.